

# LORD INDRA AND THE BRAHMANA



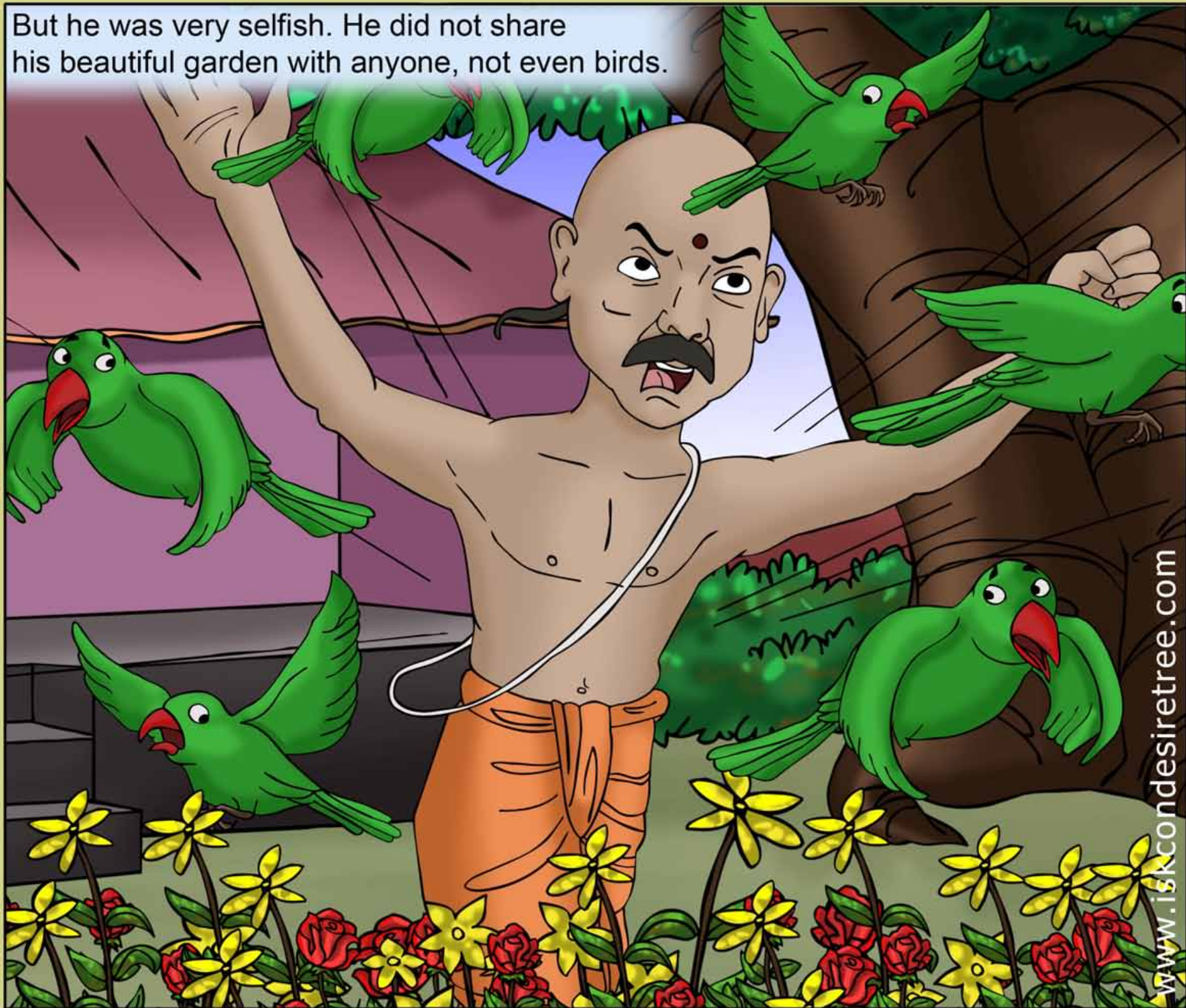


Once there was an old brahmin who owned a beautiful garden. He loved it very much and spent a lot of time tending the garden.



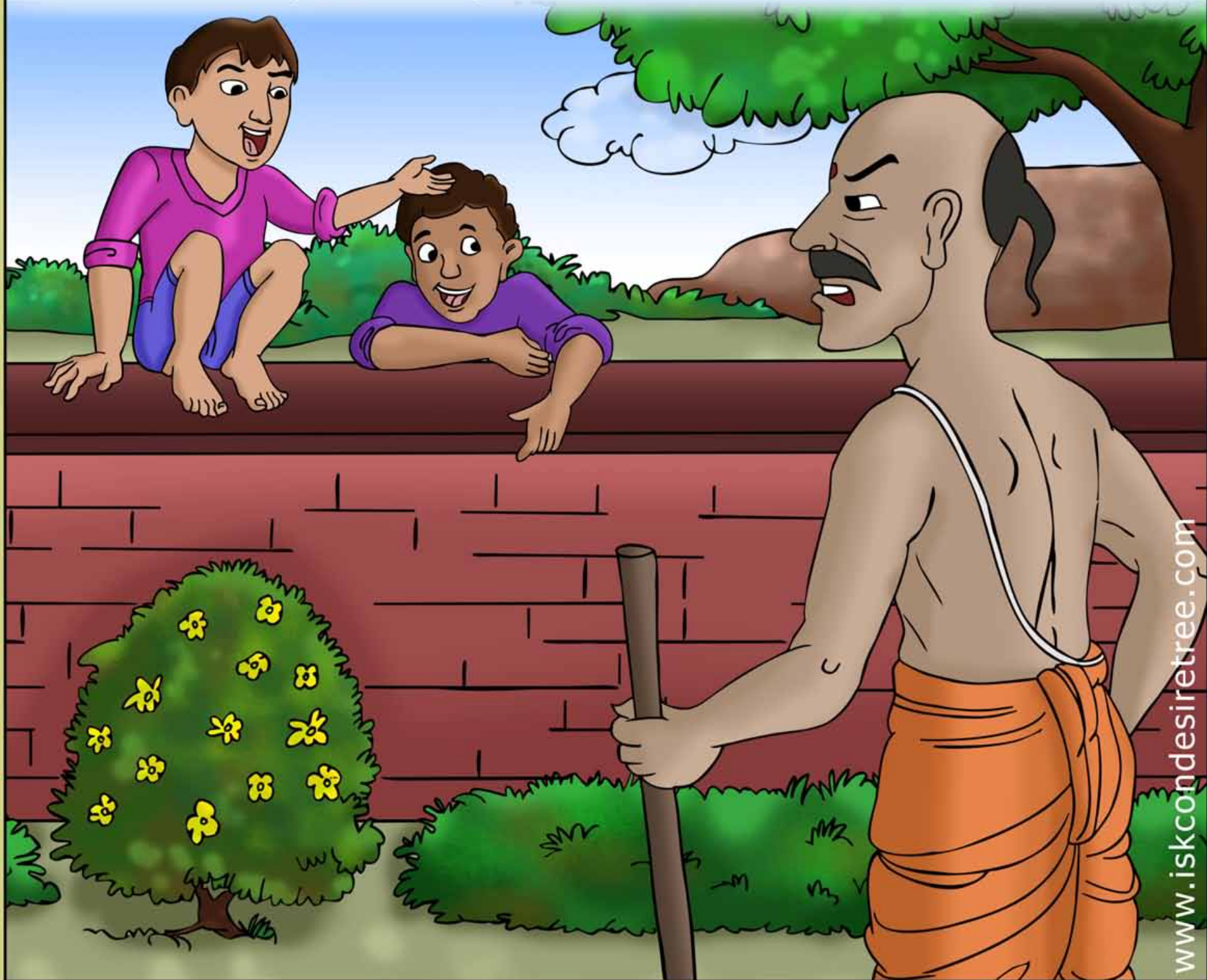


But he was very selfish. He did not share his beautiful garden with anyone, not even birds.






The mischievous boys of the village liked to tease this miser old man







I don't want any  
pesky bird or brats in my garden.  
Run off !



However, one day a cow entered his garden and started to eat his sapling.





The old man became extremely disturbed and stated to beat the cow.  
Due to extreme beating, the cow immediately died.

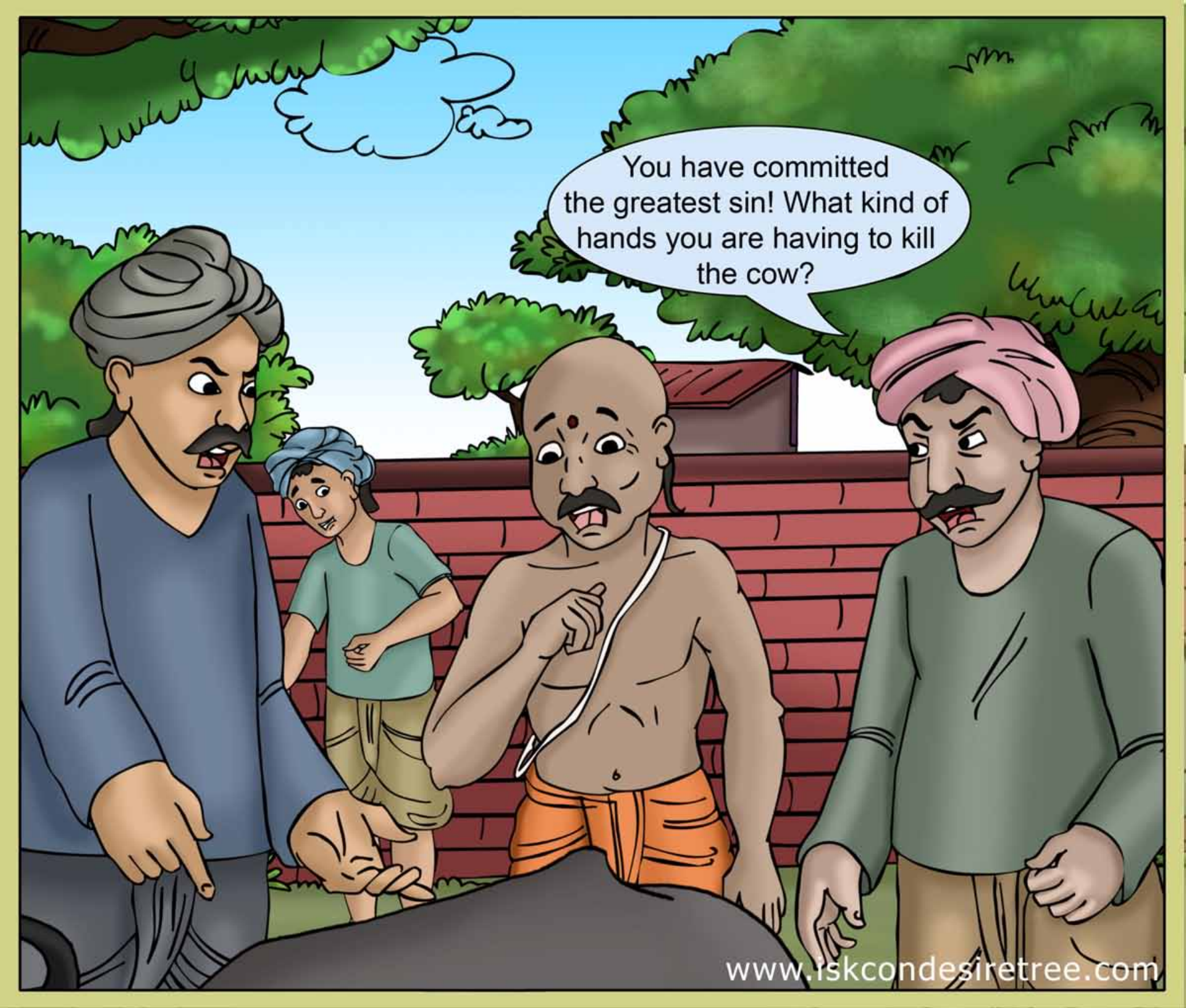


Hearing the tragic death of the cow in the hands of a Brahmin, the villagers gathered. The villagers who had come to know of what he had done.

The cow gives us her sweet and nourishing milk and in return you killed her ?







You have committed  
the greatest sin! What kind of  
hands you are having to kill  
the cow?



The Brahmin decided to cover his mistake....

Ah! I have an idea!  
It was my hand that killed.  
Lord Indra is the predominating  
diety of the hand....





It was not me!  
It was Indra who made my hand  
move & killed the cow.





Lord Indra heard the brahmin's allegation....

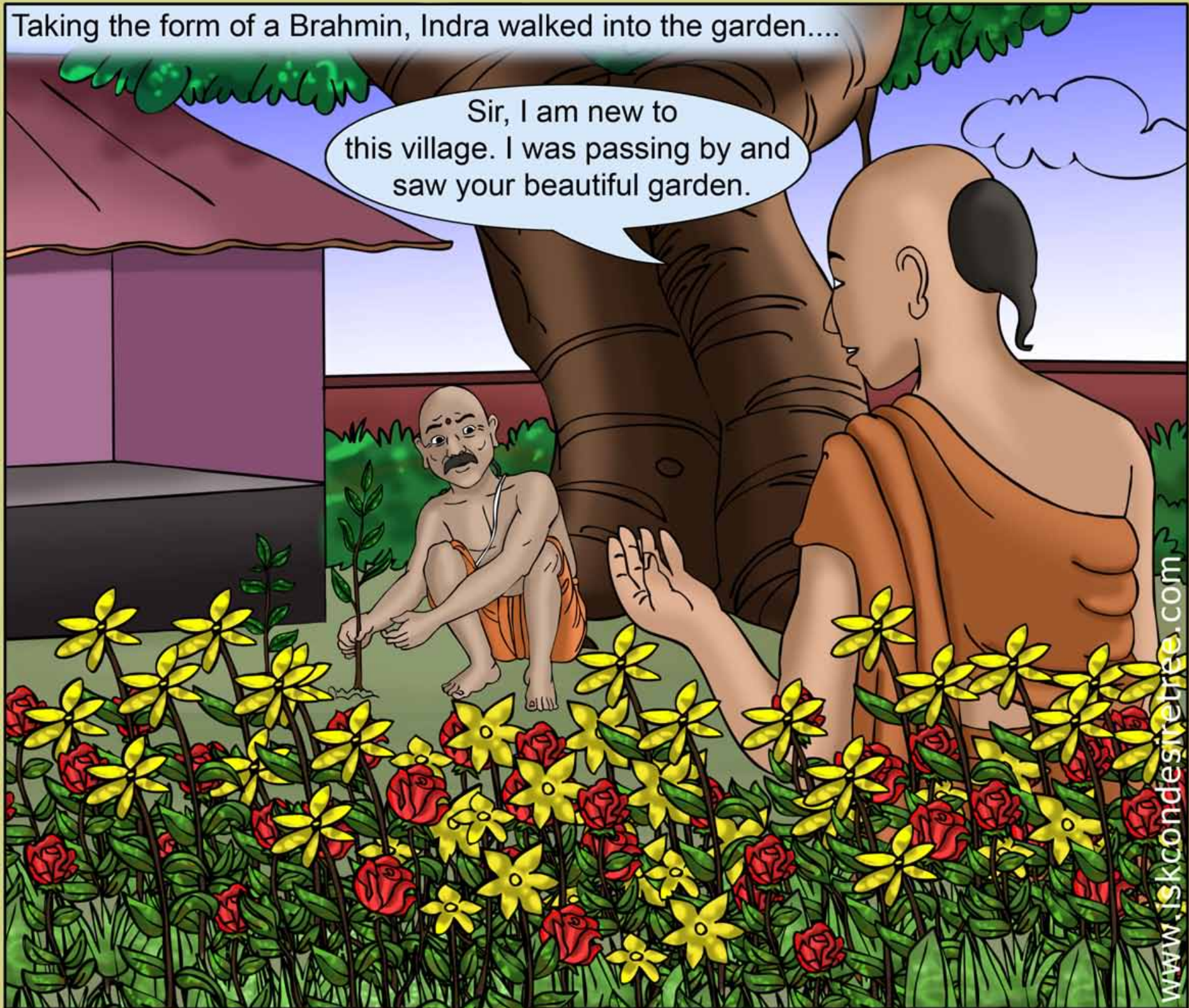
I should  
correct this Brahmin.






Taking the form of a Brahmin, Indra walked into the garden....

Sir, I am new to this village. I was passing by and saw your beautiful garden.



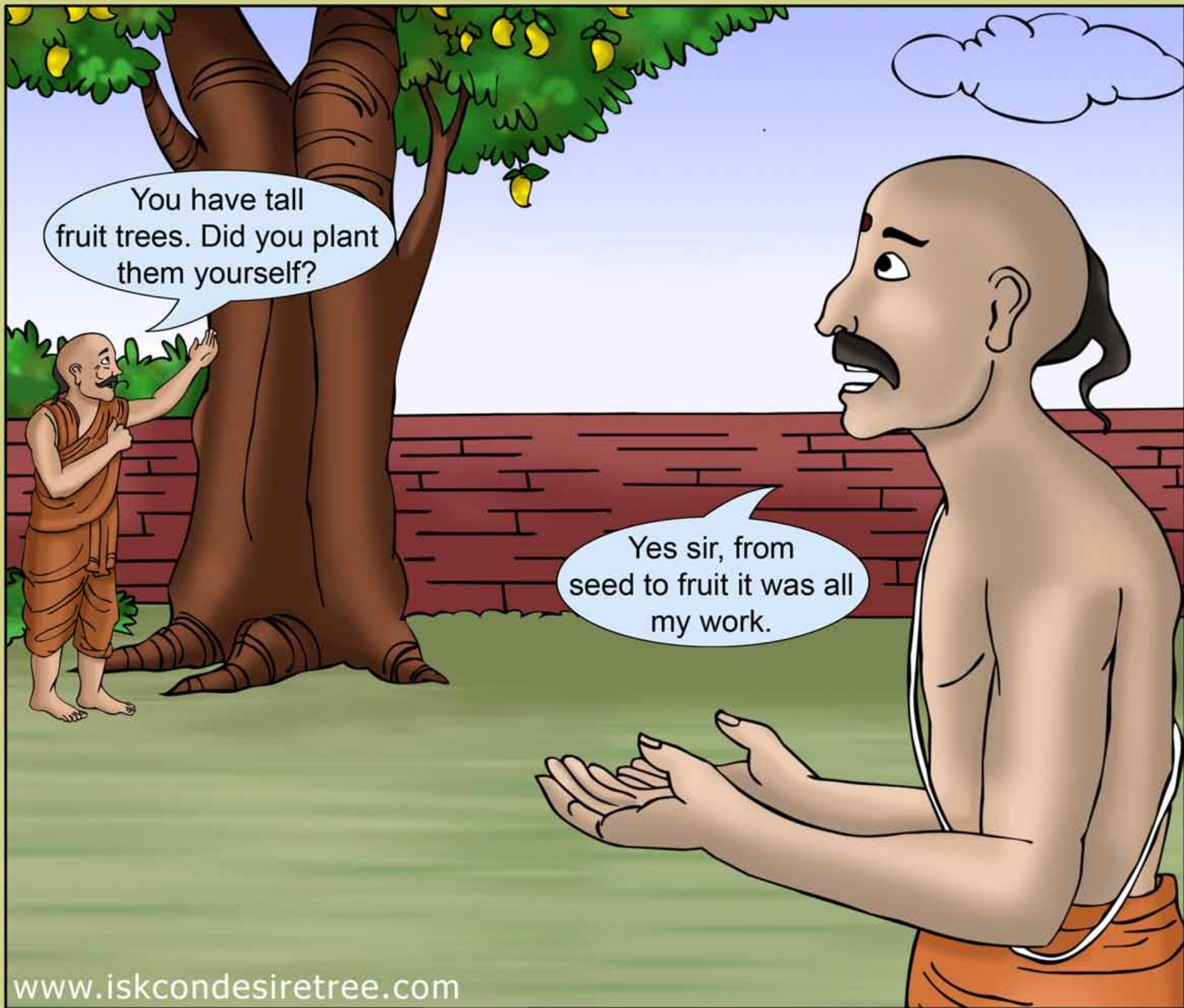




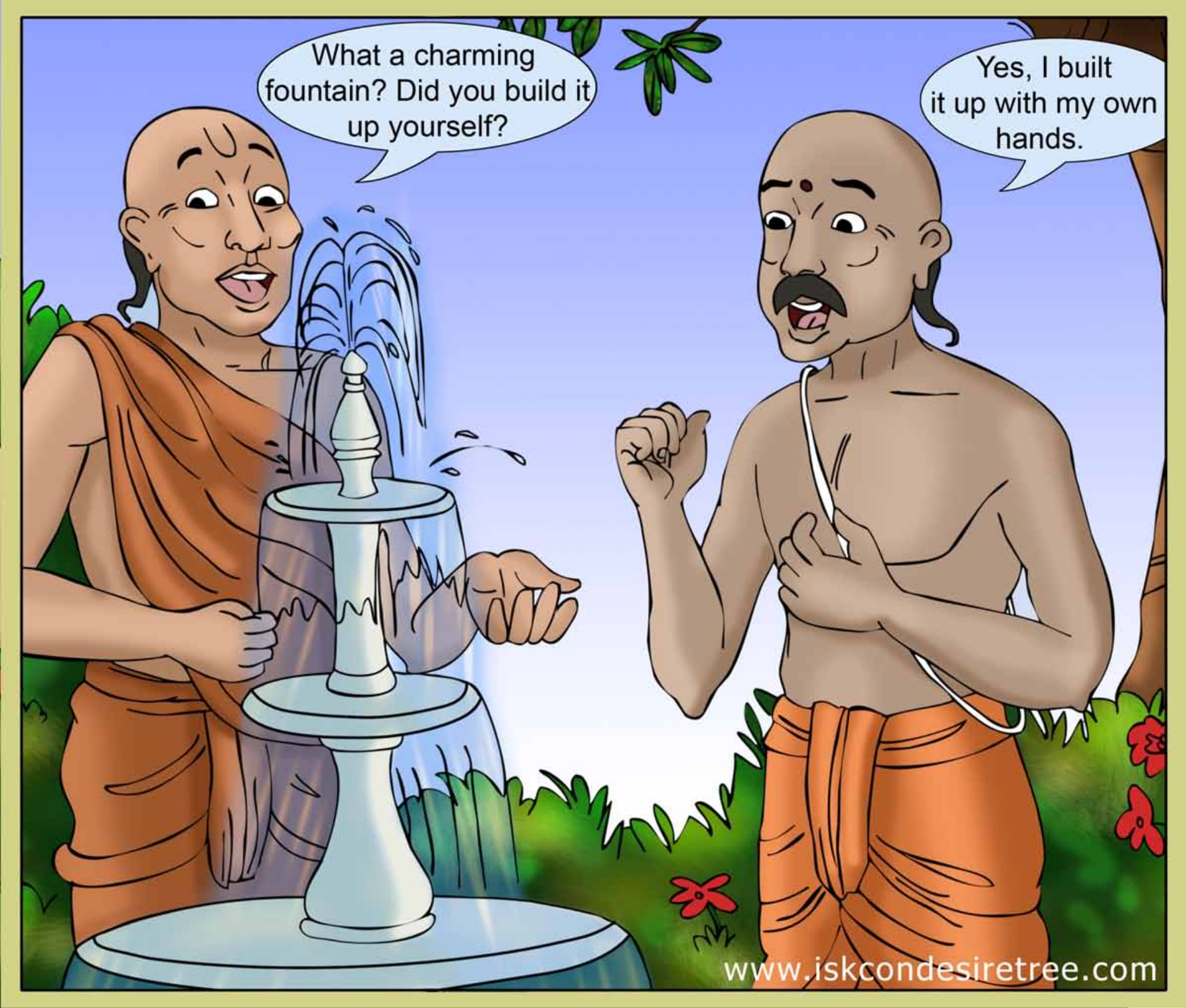
You have beautiful flowers. Did you grow them?

Yes. I grew it alone by myself









What a charming fountain? Did you build it up yourself?

Yes, I built it up with my own hands.



Suddenly Indra stood before the Brahmin....

If you take the  
credit of all your good work then you  
should take the blame for killing the cow.  
Why blame me for that?

